

The most lamentable Tragedie

Marric for Iustice she is so imployd,
He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Titus. He doth me wrong to feede me with delayes,
He diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.

Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can beare:
And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heauen and moue the Gods,
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*,

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you, here *ad Apollonem*,

Ad Martem, that's for my selfe,

Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,

To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,

You were as good to shoote against the wind.

Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,

Of my word I haue written to effect,

There's not a God left vsollicited.

Marcus. Kindsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Titus. Now Maisters draw, oh well said *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And

of Titus Andronicus.

And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
Shee laught, and tolde the Moore he should not choose
But giue them to his maister for a present.

Titus. VVhy there it goes, God giue his Lordship ioy

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two pidgions in it.

Titus. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the poast is come.

Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters,
Shall I haue iustice, what sayes *Iupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Liebbetmaker? hee sayes that hee hath
ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hangd
the next weeke.

Titus. But what sayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir, I know not *Iupiter*?
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Titus. Why villaine, art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my pidgions sir, nothing els.

Titus. VVhy, didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen, alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should bee so bolde, to presse to heauen in
young dayes.

Why I am going with my pidgeons to the tribunall Plebs
take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vncle, and one
the Emperialls men.

Marcus. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for yo
Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgeons to the Empero
from you.

Titus. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the E
perour with a grace.

Clowne. Nay truely sir, I coulde neuer say grace in all
life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,

H.

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